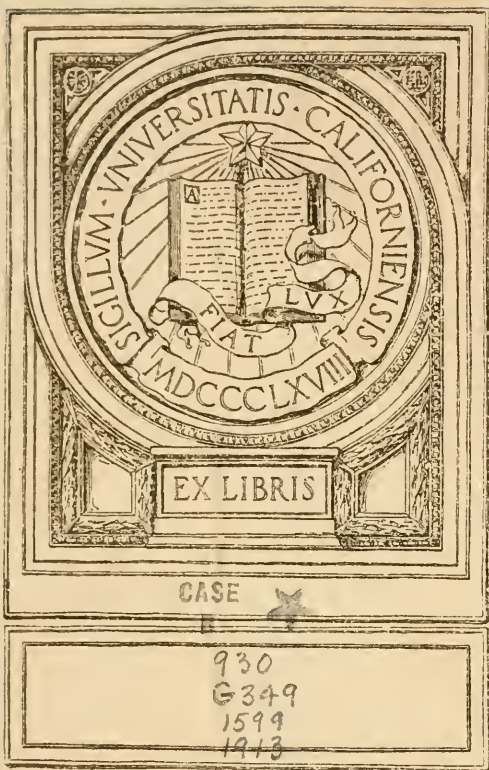


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# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

## George a Greene the Pinner of Wakefield

1599

*Date of earliest known edition . . . . .* 1599

(*B.M., C. 34, b. 21.*)

*Reproduced in Facsimile . . . . .* 1913



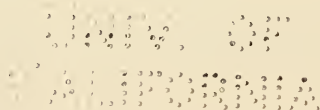
# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

## George a Greene the Pinner of Wakefield

1599



*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXIII



# George a Greene the Pinner of Wakefield

1599

*This facsimile of "George a Greene" is from the Museum copy. Other copies were in the Huth (since disposed) the Dyce (imperfect) and Chatsworth collections. The title-page of the last mentioned—it is herein given in facsimile—has MS. notes upon it, apparently in a contemporary hand, but which have been clipped by the binder:—*

"Written by . . . . . a minifter, who ac[t]ed  
th piñers pt in it himfelf. Teſte W. Shakeſpea[re].  
"Ed. Iuby faith that y<sup>s</sup> play was made by Ro. Gree[ne]."

*The Devonshire copy apparently passed into the Chatsworth library at the Rhodes sale.*

*Robert Green is generally credited with the authorship of this play: the pros and cons are discussed in most of the "Complete Works" of this poet and dramatist.*

*The reproduction from the original is reported as "very satisfactorily done."*

JOHN S. FARMER.





A  
**P L E A S A N T**  
**C O N C E Y T E D C O .**

medie of George a Greene, the Pinner  
 of Wakefield. &

*Written by . . . . . a minister, who as  
 by pendet of in it himself. To W. Shakspeare*

*As it was sundry times acted by the seruants of the right  
 Honourable the Earle of Suffex.*

*Ed. July last ye life play was reced. by R. G. 1599*



Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford,  
 for Cuthbert Burby: And are to be sold at his shop  
 neere the Royall Exchange. 1599.

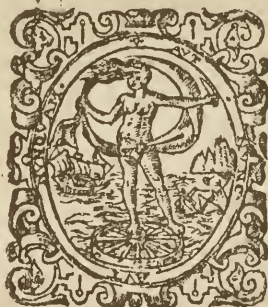




60  
A  
PLEASANT  
CONCEYTED CO-

medie of George a Greene, the Pinner  
of Wakefield.

*As it was sundry times acted by the seruants of the right  
Honourable the Earle of Suffex.*



Imprinted at London by Simon Stafford,  
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neere the Royall Exchange. 1599.









A pleasant conceyted Comedie of  
George a Greene, the Pinner of Wakefield.

*Enter the Earle of Kendall, with him the  
Lord Bonfild, Sir Gilbert Armestrong,  
and Iohn.*

*Earle of Kendall.*



Elcome to Bradford, martiall gentlemen,  
L. Bonfild, & sir Gilbert Armestrong both,  
And all my troups, euē to my basest groome,  
Courage and welcome, for the day is ours :  
Our cause is good, it is for the lands auayle:  
Then let vs fight, and dye for Englands good.

*Omnes.* We will, my Lord.

*Kendall.* As I am Henrie Momford, Kendals Earle,  
You honour me with this assent of yours,  
And here vpon my sword I make protest,

The pleatant Comedie of

For to relieue the poore, or dye my selfe :  
And know, my Lords, that *James*, the King of Scots,  
Warres hard vpon the borders of this land :  
Here is his Post : say, *Iohn Taylour*,  
What newes with King *James* ?

*Iohn Warre*, my Lord : tell, and good newes I trow :  
For king *Iame* vowes to meete you the 26. of this month,  
God willing, marie doth he sir.

*Kendall*. My friends, you see what we haue to winne,  
Well, *Iohn*, commend me to king *James*,  
And tell him I will meete him the 26. of this month,  
And all the rest : and so farewell. *Exit Iohn.*

*Bonfild*, why standst thou as a man in dumps ?  
Courage : for if I winne, Ile make thee Duke :  
I *Henry Momford* will be King my selfe,  
And I will make thee Duke of Lancaster,  
And *Gilbert Armestrong* Lord of Doncaster.

*Bonfild*. Nothing, my Lord, makes me amaze at all,  
But that our souldiers findes our victuals scant :  
We must make hauocke of those countrey Swaynes :  
For so will the rest tremble and be afraid,  
And humbly send prouision to your campe.

*Gilb.* My Lord *Bonfild* giues good aduice,  
They make a scorne and stand vpon the King :  
So what is brought, is sent from them perforce ;  
Aske *Mannering* else.

*Kend.* What sayest thou, *Mannering* ?

*Man.* When as I shew'd your high commilsion,

They





They made this answer,

Onely to send prouision for your horses.

*Kend.* Well, hyc thee to Wakefield, bid the Towne  
To send me all prouision that I want,

Least I, like marriall Tamberlaine, lay waste

Their bordering Countries,

And leauing none aliue that contradicts my Commission.

*Man.* Let me alone, my Lord, Ile make them

Vayle their plumes: for whatsoere he be,

The proudest Knight, Iustice, or other, that gaynsayeth

Your word, Ile clap him fast, to make the rest to feare.

*Kend.* Doe so Nick: hyc thee thither presently,

And let vs heare of thee againe to morrowe.

*Man.* Will you not remooue, my Lord?

*Kend.* No: I will lye at Bradford all this night,

And all the next: come, Bonfield, let vs goe,

And listen out some bonny lasses here. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter the Iustice, a Townesman, George a Greene, and  
Sir Nicholas Mannering with his Commission.*

*Iustice.* M. Mannering, stand aside, whilest we conferre  
What is best to doe.

Townesmen of Wakefield, the Earle of Kendall

Here hath sent for victuals,

And in ayding him, we shewe our selues

No lesse than traytours to the King:

Therefore let me heare, Townesmen,

What is your contents.

The pleasant Comedie of

*Townes.* Euen as you please we are all content.

*Iustice.* Then M. Mannering we are resolu'd.

*Man.* As howe?

*Iustice.* Marrie sir, thus.

We will send the Earle of Kendall no victuals,

Because he is a traytour to the King,

And in ayding him we shewe our selues no lesse.

*Man.* Why, men of Wakefield, are you waxen madde,

That present danger cannot whet your wits,

Wisely to make prouision of your selues?

The Earle is thirtie thousand men strong in power,

And what towne so euer him resist,

He layes it flat and leuell with the ground:

Ye silly men, you seeke your owne decay:

Therefore send my Lord such prouision as he wants,

So he will spare your towne, and come no neerer

Wakefield then he is.

*Iustice.* Master Mannering, you haue your answer,

You may be gone.

*Man.* Well, Woodroffe, for so I gesse is thy name,

Ile make thee curse thy ouerthwart deniall,

And all that sit vpon the bench this day,

Shall rue the houre they haue withstood my Lords

Commission.

*Iustice.* Doe thy worst, we feare thee not.

*Man.* See you these scales? before you passe the towne,

I will haue all things my Lord doth want,

In spite of you.

George





the Pinner of Wakefield.

*George a Greene.* Proud dapper Iacke, vayne bonnet to  
The bench,

That represents the person of the King,  
Or sirra, Ile lay thy head before thy teete.

*Man.* Why, who art thou?

*George.* Why, I am George a Greene,  
True liegeman to my King,

Who scornes that men of such esteeme as these,  
Should brooke the braues of any trayterous squire :

You of the bench, and you my fellowe friends,  
Neighbours, we subiects all vnto the King,

We are English borne, and therefore Edwards friends,  
Voude vnto him euen in our mothers wombe,

Our mindes to God, our hearts vnto our King,  
Our wealth, our homage, and our carcases,

Be all King Edwards : then sirra, we haue  
Nothing left for traytours, but our swordes,

Whetted to bathe them in your bloods,  
And dye against you, before we send you any victuals.

*Iustice.* Well spoken, George a Greene.

*Townes.* Pray let George a Greene speake for vs.

*George.* Sirra you get no victuals here,  
Not if a hoose of beefe would saue your liues.

*Man.* Fellowe, I stand amaze at thy presumption :

Why, what art thou that darest gayn say my Lord,

Knowing his mighty puissance and his stroke?

Why, my friend, I come not barely of my selfe :

For see, I haue a large Commission.

George

The pleasant Comedie of

George. Let me see it, sirra.

Whole seales be these?

Man. This is the Earle of Kendals seale at armes,

This Lord Charnel Bonfields,

And this sir Gilbert Armestrongs.

George. I tell thee, sirra, did good King Edwards sonne

Seale a commission against the King his father,

Thus would I reare it in despite of him,

*He teares the Commission.*

Being traytour to my Soueraigne.

Man. What? hast thou torne my Lords Commission?

Thou shalt rue it, and so shall all Wakefield.

George. What, are you in choler? I will giue you pills

To coole your stomacke.

Seest thou these seales?

Now by my fathers soule, which was a yeoman,

When he was aliue, eate them,

Or eate my daggers poynr, proud squire.

Man. But thou doest but iest, I hope.

George. Sure that shall you see, before we two part.

Man. Well, and there be no remedie, so George,

One is gone: I pray thee no more nowe.

George. O sir, if one be good, the others cannot hurt.

So sir, now you may goe tell the Earle of Kendall,

Although I haue rent his large Commission,

Yet of curtesie I haue sent all his seales

Backe againe by you.

Man. Well, sir, I will doe your arrant. *Exit.*

George.





the Pinner of Wakefield.

George. Nowe let him tell his Lord, that he hath  
Spoke with George a Greene,  
Right pinner of merrie Wakefield towne,  
That hath phisicke for a foole,  
Pilles for a traytour that doeth wrong his Soueraigne.  
Are you content with this that I haue done?

*Iustice.* I, content, George:  
For highly hast thou honourd Wakefield towne;  
In cutting of proud Mannering so short.  
Come, thou shalt be my welcome ghest to day;  
For well thou hast deseru'd reward and fauour.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter olde Musgroue, and yong Cuddie his sonne.*

Cuddie. Nowe gentle father list vnto thy sonne,  
And for my mothers loue,  
That earst was blythe and bonny in thine eye,  
Graunt one petition that I shall demaund.

*Olde Musgroue.* What is that, my Cuddie?

Cuddie. Father, you knowe the ancient enmitie of late,  
Betweene the Musgroues and the wily Scottes,  
Whereof they haue othe,  
Not to leaue one aliue that strides a launce.  
O Father, you are olde, and wayning age vnto the graue:  
Olde William Musgroue, which whilome was thought,  
The brauest horseman in all Westmerland,  
Is weake, and forst to stay his arme vpon a staffe,  
That earst could wield a launce:

B. 1.

Then,

The pleasant Comedie of

Then, gentle Father, resigne the hold to me,  
Giue armes to youth, and honour vnto age.

*Mus.* Auaunt, false hearted boy, my ioynts doe quake,  
Euen with anguish of thy verie words.

Hath William Musgroue seene an hundred yeres?

Haue I bene feard and dreaded of the Scottes,  
That when they heard my name in any roade,  
They fled away, and posted thence amaine?

And shall I dye with shame nowe in mine age?

No, Cuddie, no, thus resolute I,

Here haue I liu'd, and here will Musgroue dye.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter Lord Bonfild, Sir Gilbert Armestrong,*

*M. Grime, and Bettris his daughter.*

*Bon.* Now, gentle Grime, God a mercy for our good chere,

Our fare was royall, and our welcome great,

And sith so kindly thou hast entertained vs,

If we returne with happie victorie,

We will deale as friendly with thee in recompence.

*Grime.* Your welcome was but durie, gentle Lord:

For wherefore haue we giuen vs our wealth,

But to make our betters welcome when they come?

O, this goes hard when traytours must be flattered:

But life is sweete, and I cannot withstand it.

God (I hope) will reuenge the quarrell of my King.

*Gilb.* What said you, Grime?

*Grime.* I say, sir Gilbert, looking on my daughter,

I curse the houre that ere I got the girle:

For





the Pinner of Wakefield.

For fir, she may haue many wealthy suters,  
And yet she disdaines them all, to haue  
Poore George a Greene vnto her husband.

*Bonfild.* On that, good Grime, I am talking with thy  
Daughter;

But she in quirkes and quiddities of loue,  
Sets me to schoole, she is so ouerwise.

But, gentle girle, if thou wilt forsake  
The pinner, and be my loue, I will aduaunce thee high :

To dignifie those haire of amber hiew,  
Ile grace them with a chaplet made of pearle,  
Set with choice rubies, sparkes, and diamonds,  
Planted vpon a veluet hood to hide that head,  
Wherein two saphires burne like sparkling fire :

This will I doe, faire Bettris, and farre more,  
If thou wilt loue the Lord of Doncaster.

*Bettris.* Heigh ho, my heart is in a higher place,  
Perhaps on the Earle, if that be he,

See where he comes, or angrie or in loue,  
For why, his colour looketh discontent.

*Kendall.* Come, Nick, followe me.

*Enter the Earle of Kendall and Nicholas Mannering.*

*Bonfild.* Howe nowe, my Lord? what newes?

*Kendall.* Such newes, Bonfild, as will make thee laugh,  
And fret thy fill, to heare how Nick was vld;

Why, the Iustices stand on their termes;

Nick, as you knowe, is hawtie in his words;

The pleasant Comedie of

He layd the lawe vnto the Iustices,  
With threatening braues, that one lookt on another,  
Ready to stoope : but that a churle came in,  
One George a Greene, the pinner of the towne,  
And with his dagger drawne layd hands on Nick,  
And by no beggers swore that we were traytours,  
Rent our Commisſion, and vpon a braue,  
Made Nick to eate the ſeales, or brooke the ſtabbe :  
Poore Mannering afraid, came poſting hither ſtraight.  
*Bettris.* Oh louely George, fortune be ſtill thy friend,  
And as thy thoughts be high, ſo be thy minde,  
In all accords, euen to thy hearts deſire.

*Bonfiled.* What ſayes faire *Bettris*?

*Grimes.* My Lord, ſhe is praying for George a Greene :  
He is the man, and ſhe will none but him.

*Bonfiled.* But him? why, looke on me, my girl :  
Thou knoweſt, that yeſternight I courted thee,  
And ſwore at my returne to wedde with thee :  
Then tell me, loue, ſhall I haue all thy faire?

*Bettris.* I care not for Earle, nor yet for Knight,  
Nor Baron that is ſo bold :

For George a Greene the merrie pinner,  
He hath my heart in hold.

*Bonfiled.* Bootleſſe, my Lord, are many vaine replies.  
Let vs hye vs to Wakefield, and ſend her the pinners head.

*Kend.* It ſhall be ſo. Grime, gramercie,  
Shut vp thy daughter, bridle her affects,  
Let me not miſſe her when I make returne :

Therefore





the Pinner of Wakefield.

Therefore looke to her, as to thy life, good Grime.  
*Grime.* I warrant you, my Lord.

*Ex. Grime & Bettris.*

*Ken.* And Bettris, leaue a base pinner, for to loue an Earle,  
Faine would I see this pinner George a Greene.

It shall be thus :

Nick Mannering shall leade on the battell,  
And we three will goe to Wakefield in some disguise :  
But howsoeuer, Ile haue his head to day. *Ex. omnes.*

*Enter the King of Scots, Lord Humes,  
with souldiers and Iohnie.*

*King.* Why, Iohnie : then the Earle of Kendall is blithe,  
And hath braue men that troupe along with him.

*Iohnie.* I marie, my liege, and hath good men  
That come along with him,

And voves to meete you at Scrasblesea, God willing.

*King.* If good S. Andrewe lend King Iame leaue,  
I will be with him at the pointed day.

But soft : whose pretie boy art thou ?

*Enter Iane a Barleys sonne.*

*Ned.* Sir, I am sonne vnto Sir Iohn a Barley,  
Eldest and all that ere my mother had,  
Edward my name.

*Iame.* And whither art thou going, pretie Ned ?

*Ned.* To seeke some birdes, and kill them, if I can:

And now my scholemaster is also gone :

So haue I libertie to ply my bowe :

The pleasant Comedie of

For when he comes, I stirre not from my booke.

*James.* Lord Humes, but marke the vilage of this child;

By him I gesse the beautie of his mother :

None but Læda could breede Helena.

Tell me, Ned, who is within with thy mother.

*Ned.* Not but her selfe and household seruants, sir :

If you would speake with her, knocke at this gate.

*James.* Iohnie, knocke at that gate.

*Enter Iane a Barley vpon the walles.*

*Iane.* O, I am betraide : what multitudes be these ?

*James.* Feare not, faire Iane : for all these men are mine,

And all thy friends, if thou be friend to me :

I am thy louer James the King of Scottes,

That oft haue sued and wooed with many letters,

Painting my outward pactions with my pen,

When as my inward soule did bleede for woe :

Little regard was giuen to my sute,

But haply thy husbands presence wrought it :

Therefore, sweete Iane, I fitted me to time,

And hearing that thy husband was from home,

Am come to craue what long I haue desired.

*Ned.* Nay, soft you, sir, you get no entrance here,

That seeke to wrong sir Iohn a Barley so,

And offer such dishonour to my mother.

*James.* Why, what dishonour, Ned ?

*Ned.* Though young, yet often haue I heard

My father say,

No greater wrong than to be made suckold.

Were





the Pinner of Wakefield.

Were I of age, or were my bodie strong,  
Were he ten Kings, I would shoote him to the heart,  
That should attempt to giue sir Iohn the horne.  
Mother, let him not come in,  
I will goe lie at Iockie Millers house.

*James.* Stay him.

*Iane.* I, well said, Ned, thou hast giuen the King  
His answer :

For were the ghost of Cesar on the earth,  
Wrapped in the wonted glorie of his honour,  
He should not make me wrong my husband so :  
But good King Iames is pleasant, as I gesse,  
And meanes to trie what humour I am in,  
Else would he neuer haue brought an hoste of men,  
To haue them witnes of his Scottish lust.

*James.* Iane, in faith, Iane.

*Iane.* Neuer reply : for I protest by the highest  
Holy God,

That dooneth iust reuenge for things amisse,  
King Iames of all men shall not haue my loue.

*James.* Then list to me, Saint Andrewe be my boote,  
But He rase thy castle to the verie ground,  
Vnlesse thou open the gate, and let me in.

*Iane.* I feare thee not, King Iamie, doe thy worst :  
This castle is too strong for thee to scale :  
Besides, to morrowe will sir Iohn come home.

*James.* Well, Iane, since thou disdainst King Iames loue,  
He drawe thee on with sharpe and deepe extremes :

The pleasant Comedie of

For by my fathers soule, this brat of thine  
Shall perish here before thine eyes,  
Vnlesse thou open the gate, and let me in.

*Iane.* O deepe extremes : my heart begins to breake :  
My little Ned lookes pale for feare.

Cheare thee, my boy, I will doe much for thee.

*Ned.* But not so much, as to dishonour me.

*Iane.* And if thou dyest, I cannot liue, sweete Ned.

*Ned.* Then dye with honour, mother, dying chaste.

*Iane.* I am armed :

My husbands loue, his honour, and his fame,  
Ioynes victorie by vertue.

Nowe, King Iames, if mothers teares cannot alay thine ire,  
Then butcher him, for I will neuer yeeld :

The sonne shall dye, before I wrong the father.

*Iames.* Why then he dyes.

*Allarum within: Enter a Messenger.*

*Messenger.* My Lord, Musgroue is at hand.

*Iames.* Who, Musgroue? The deuill he is. Come,  
My horse. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter olde Musgroue with King Iames prisoner.*

*Mus.* Nowe, King Iames, thou art my prisoner.

*Iames.* Not thine, but fortunes prisoner.

*Enter Cuddie.*

*Cuddie.* Father, the field is ours : their colours we  
Haue seyled :

And Humes is slayne : I slewe him hand to hand.

*Mus.*





*Mus.* God and Saint George.

*Cuddie.* O father, I am sore athirst.

*Iane.* Come in, young Cuddie, come and drinke thy fill:  
Bring in King Iane with you as a ghest:  
For all this broile was cause he could not enter.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter George a Greene alone.*

*George.* The sweete content of men that liue in loue,  
Breedes fretting humours in a restlesse minde,  
And faulcie being checkt by fortunes spite,  
Growes too impatient in her sweete desires:  
Sweete to those men whome loue leades on to blisse,  
But sowre to me, whose happe is still amisse.

*Enter the Clowne.*

*Ienkin.* Marie amen, sir.

*George.* Sir, what doe you crye, Amen at?

*Ienkin.* Why, did not you talke of loue?

*George.* Howe doe you knowe that?

*Ienkin.* Well, though I say it that should not say it,  
There are fewe fellowes in our parish,  
So netled with loue, as I haue bene of late:

*Geor.* Sirra, I thought no lesse, when the other morning,  
You rose so carely to goe to your wenches.

Sir, I had thought you had gone about my honest busines.

*Ienkin.* Trow you haue hit it: for master, be it knowne  
To you,

There is some good will betwixt Madge the Soulewife,  
And I,

Marie she hath another louer.

George. Canst thou brooke any rivals in thy loue?

Ien. A rider? no, he is a sow-gelder, and goes afoote.  
But Madge pointed to meete me in your wheate close.

Georg. Well, did she meete you there?

Ien. Neuer make question of that:

And first I saluted her with a Greene gowne,

And after fell as hard a wooing,

As if the Priest had bin at our backs, to haue married vs.

Georg. What, did she grant?

Ien. Did she graunt? Neuer make question of that:

And she gaue me a shirt coler,

Wrought ouer with no counterfet stuffe.

Georg. What, was it gold?

Ien. Nay, twas better than gold.

Georg. What was it?

Ien. Right Couentrie blew,

Who had no sooner come there, but wot you who  
came by.

Georg. No, who?

Ien. Clim the sow-gelder.

Georg. Came he by?

Ien. He spide Madge and I sit together,  
He leapt from his horse, laid his hand on his dagger, and  
Began to sweare.

Now I seeing he had a dagger,

And I nothing but this twig in my hand,

I gaue him faire words and said nothing.

He





the Pinner of Wakefield.

He comes to me and takes me by the bosome,  
You hoorfen slaue, said he, hold my horse,  
And looke he take no colde in his feete.

No marie shall he sir, quoth I,  
Ile lay my cloake vnderneath him:  
I rooke my cloake, spread it all along,  
And his horse on the midst of it.

Georg. Thou clowne, didst thou set his horse vpon  
Thy cloake?

Ien. I, but marke how I serued him:  
Madge and he was no sooner gone downe into the ditch,  
But I plucked out my knife,  
Cut foure hoales in my cloake, and made his horse stand  
On the bare ground.

Geor. Twas well done: now sir, go and furuay my fields:  
If you finde any cattell in the corne, to pound with them.

Ien. And if I finde any in the pound,  
I shall turne them out. *Exit Ienkin.*

*Enter the Earle of Kendal, Lord Bonfield, sir Gilbert,  
all disguised, with a traine of men.*

Kend. Now we haue put the horses in the corne,  
Let vs stand in some corner for to heare,  
What brauing tearmes the pinner will breathe,  
When he spies our horses in the corne.

*Enter Iacke blowing of his horne.*

Ien. O master where are you? we haue a prise.

Georg. A prise, what is it?

The pleasant Comedie of

*Ienkin.* Three goodly horses in our wheate close.

*George.* Three horses in our wheat close? whose be they?

*Ienkin.* Marie thats a riddle to me : but they are there :

Veluct horses, and I neuer sawe such horses before. As my dutie was, I put off my cappe, and said as followeth :

My masters, what doe you make in our close?

One of them hearing me aske what he made there, held vp his head and neighed, and after his maner laught as heartily as if a mare had bene tyed to his girdle. My masters, said I, it is no laughing matter, for if my master take you here, you goe, as round as a top, to the pound. Another vntoward iade hearing me threaten him to the pound, and to tell you of them, cast vp both his heeles, and let such a monstrous great fart, that was as much as in his language to say, A fart for the pound, and a fart for George a Greene. Nowe I hearing this, put on my cap, blewe my horne, called them all iades, and came to tell you.

*George.* Nowe sir, goe and driue me those three horses To the pound.

*Ienkin.* Doe you heare? I were best take a constable With me.

*George.* Why so?

Why, they being gentlemens horses, may stand on their Reputation, and will not obey me.

*George.* Goe doe as I bid you, sir.

*Ienkin.* Well, I may goe.

*The Earle of Kendall, the Lord Bonfild, and  
sir Gilbert Armestrong meeete them.*

*Kend.*





the Pinner of Wakefield.

*Kend.* Whither away, sir?

*Ienkin.* Whither away? I am going to put the horses  
In the pound.

*Kend.* Sirra, those three horses belong to vs, and we put  
Them in, and they must tarrie there, and eate their fill.

*Ienkin.* Stay, I will goe tell my master.

Heare you, master? we haue another prise:  
Those three horses be in your wheate close still,  
And here be three geldings more.

*George.* What be these?

*Ienkin.* These are the masters of the horses.

*George.* Nowe, gentlemen, I knowe not your degrees,  
But more you cannot be, vnlesse you be Kings,  
Why wrong you vs of Wakefield with your horses?  
I am the pinner, and before you passe,

You shall make good the trespasse they haue done.

*Kend.* Peace, saucie mate, prate not to vs:

I tell thee, pinner, we are gentlemen.

*George.* Why sir, so may I sir, although I giue no armes.

*Kend.* Thou? howe art thou a gentleman?

*Ienkin.* And such is my master; and he may giue as good  
Armes, as euer your great grandfather could giue.

*Kend.* Pray thee let me heare howe?

*Ienkin.* Marie my master may giue for his armes,  
The picture of Aprill in a greene ierkin,  
With a rooke on one fist, and an horne on the other:  
But my master giues his armes the wrong way;  
For he giues the horne on his fist:

The pleasant Comedie of

And your grandfather, because he would not lose his  
Armes,

Weares the horne on his owne head.

*Kend.* Well pinner, sith our horses be in,  
In spite of thee they now shall feede their fill,  
And eate yntill our leasures serue to goe.

*George.* Now by my fathers soule,  
Were good king Edwards horses in the corne,  
They shall amend the scath or kisse the pound,  
Much more yours sir, whatsoere you be.

*Kend.* Why man, thou knowest not vs,  
We do belong to Henry Momford Earle of Kendal,  
Men that before a month be full expirde,  
Will be king Edwards betters in the land.

*Georg.* King Edwards better, rebell, thou liest.

*George strikes him.*

*Bonfild.* Villaine, what hast thou done? thou hast stroke  
An Earle.

*Geor.* Why what care I? A poore man that is true,  
Is better then an Earle, if he be falsie:  
Traitors reape no better fauours at my hands.

*Kend.* I, so me thinks, but thou shalt deare aby this blow.  
Now or neuer lay hold on the pinner.

*Enter all the ambush.*

*Georg.* Stay, my Lords, let vs parlie on these broiles:  
Nor Hercules against two, the prouerbe is,  
Nor I against so great a multitude.  
Had not your troupes come marching as they did,

I would





I would haue stopt your passage vnto London:  
But now Ile flie to secret policie.

*Kend.* What doest thou murmure, George?

*George.* Marie this, my Lord, I muse,  
If thou be Henrie Momford Kendals Earle,  
That thou wilt doe poore G. a Greene this wrong,  
Euer to match me with a troupe of men.

*Kend.* Why doest thou strike me then?

*Geor.* Why my Lord, measure me but by your selfe:

Had you a man had seru'd you long,  
And heard your foe misuse you behinde your backe,  
And would not draw his sword in your defence,  
You would casse him.

Much more, king Edward is my king:

And before Ile heare him so wrong'd,

Ile die within this place,

And maintaine good whatsoeuer I haue said.

And if I speake not reason in this case,

What I haue said Ile maintaine in this place.

*Bon.* A pardon my Lord for this pinner,

For trust me he speaketh like a man of worth.

*Kend.* Well, George, wilt thou leaue Wakefielde and  
Wend with me,

Ile freely put vp all and pardon thee.

*Georg.* I my Lord, considering me one thing,

You will leaue these armes and follow your good king,

*Ken.* Why George, I rise not against king Edward,

But for the poore that is opprest by wrong,

And if King Edward will redresse the same,  
I will not offer him disparagement,  
But otherwise, and so let this suffice:  
Thou hear'st the reason why I rise in armes.

Nowe wilt thou leaue Wakefield, and wend with me,  
Ile make thee captaine of a hardie band,  
And when I haue my will, dubbe thee a knight.

*George.* Why, my Lord, haue you any hope to winne?

*Kend.* Why, there is a prophecie doeth say,  
That King Iames and I shall meete at London,  
And make the King vaile bonnet to vs both.

*Geo.* If this were true, my Lord, this were a mighty reason.

*Ken.* Why, it is a miraculous prophecie, and cannot faile.

*George.* Well, my Lord, you haue almost turned me.

*Ienkin,* come hither.

*Ienkin.* Sir.

*George.* Goe your waies home, sir,  
And driue me those three horses home vnto my house,  
And powre them downe a bushell of good oates.

*Ienkin.* Well, I will. Must I giue these scurvie horses  
Oates?

*Exit Ienkin.*

*Geor.* Will it please you to commaund your traine aside?

*Kend.* Stand aside.

*Exit the trayne.*

*George.* Nowe list to me:

Here in a wood not farre from hence,  
There dwels an old man in a caue alone,  
That can foretell what fortunes shall befall you,  
For he is greatly skilfull in magike arte.





the Pinner of Wakefield.

Go you three to him early in the morning,  
And question him if he saies good,  
Why then my Lord, I am the formost man,  
We will march vp with your campe to London.

*Kend.* George, thou honourst me in this:  
But where shall we finde him out?

*George.* My man shall conduct you to the place:  
But good my Lords tell me true what the wise man saith.

*Kend.* That will I, as I am Earle of Kendal.

*George.* Why then, to honour G. a Greene the more,  
Vouchsafe a peece of beefe at my poore house,  
You shall haue wafer cakes your fill,

A peece of beefe hung vp since Martilmas,  
If that like you not, take what you bring for me.

*Kend.* Gramercies, George. *Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter George a Greenes boy Wily, disguised  
like a woman to M. Grimes.*

*Wily.* O what is loue? it is some mightie power,  
Else could it neuer conquer G. a Greene:  
Here dwels a churle that keepes away his loue,  
I know the worst and if I be espied,  
Tis but a beating, and if I by this meanes  
Can get faire Bettris forth her fathers dore,  
It is inough, Venus for me, and all goes alone,  
Be aiding to my wily enterprise.

*He knocks at the doore.*

*Enter Grime.*

*Gri.* How now, who knocks there? what would you haue?

D. 1.

From

The pleasant Comedie of

From whence came you? where doe you dwell?

*Wily.* I am, forlooth, a femsters maide hard-by,  
That hath brought worke home to your daughter.

*Grime.* Nay, are you not some craftie queane,  
That comes from George a Greene, that rascall,  
With some letters to my daughter?

I will haue you searcht.

*Wily.* Alas, sir, it is Hebrue vnto me,  
To tell me of George a Greene, or any other:

Search me good sir,

And if you finde a letter about me,  
Let me haue the punishment that is due.

*Grime.* Why are you musled? I like you the worse  
For that.

*Wily.* I am not, sir, asham'd to shew my face,  
Yet loth I am my cheekes should take the aire,  
Not that I am charie of my beauties hue,  
But that I am troubled with the tooth-ach sore.

*Grime.* A pretie wench of smiling countenance,  
Olde men can like, although they cannot loue,  
I, and loue, though not so brieve as yong men can.  
Well, goe in, my wench, and speake with my daughter.

*Exit.*

I wonder much at the Earle of Kendall,  
Being a nightie man, as still he is,  
Yet for to be a traitor to his king,  
Is more then God or man will well allow:  
But what a foole am I to talke of him?

My





the Pinner of Wakefield.

My minde is more heere of the pretie lasse:  
Had she brought some fortie pounds to town,  
I could be content to make her my wife:  
Yet I haue heard it in a prouerbe laid,  
He that is olde, and marries with a lasse,  
Lies but at home, and prooues himselfe an asse.

*Enter Bettris in Wilies apparell to Grime.*

How now, my wench, how ist? what not a word?  
Alas, poore soule, the rooth-ach plagues her sore.  
Well, my wench, here is an Angel for to buy thee pinnes,  
And I pray thee vse mine house,  
The oftner the more welcome: farewell. *Exit.*

*Bettris.* O blessed loue, and blessed fortune both:  
But Bettris, stand not here to talke of loue,  
But hye thee straight vnto thy George a Greene:  
Neuer went Roe-bucke swifter on the downes,  
Then I will trip it till I see my George. *Exit.*

*Enter the Earle of Kendall, L. Bonfield, sir  
Gilbert, and Ienkin the clowne.*

*Kend.* Come away Ienkin.

*Ien.* Come, here is his house. Where be you, ho?

*Georg.* Who knocks there?

*Kend.* Heere are two or three poore men, father,  
Would speake with you.

*Georg.* Pray giue your man leaue to leade me forth.

*Kend.* Goe, Ienkin, fetch him forth.

*Ien.* Come, olde man.

*Enter George a Greene disguised.*

D. 2.

*Kend.*

The pleasant Comedie of

*Kend.* Father, heere is three poore men come to question  
Thee a word in secrete that concernes their liues.

*George.* Say on my sonnes.

*Kend.* Father, I am sure you heare the newes,  
How that the Earle of Kendal wars against the king,  
Now father we three are Gentlemen by birth,  
But yonger brethren that want reuenues,  
And for the hope we haue to be preferd,  
If that we knew that we shall winne,  
We will march with him:

If not, we will not march a foote to London more.

Therefore good father, tell vs what shall happen,  
Whether the King or the Earle of Kendal shall win.

*George.* The king, my sonne.

*Kend.* Art thou sure of that?

*George.* I, as sure as thou art Henry Momford,  
The one L. Bonfild, the other sir Gilbert.

*Kend.* Why this is wondrous, being blinde of sight,  
His deepe perscuerance should be such to know vs.

*Gilb.* Magike is mightie, and foretelleth great matters:

In deede Father, here is the Earle come to see thee,  
And therefore good father fable not with him.

*George.* Welcome is the Earle to my poore cell,  
And so are you my Lords: but let me counsell you,  
To leaue these warres against your king,  
And liue in quiet.

*Kend.* Father, we come not for aduice in warre,  
But to know whether we shall win or leese.

*George.*





the Pinner of Wakefield.

Georg. Lose gentle Lords, but not by good king Edward:  
A baser man shall giue you all the foile.

Kend. I marie father, what man is that?

George. Poore George a Greene the pinner.

Kend. What shall he?

George. Pull all your plumes, and sore dishonour you.

Kend. He, as how?

George. Nay, the end tries all, but so it will fall out.

Kend. But so it shall not by my honor Christ.

He raise my campe, and fire Wakefield towne,  
And take that seruile pinner George a Greene,  
And butcher him before king Edwards face.

George. Good my Lord be not offended,  
For I speake no more then arte reuales to me:  
And for greater prooffe,

Giue your man leaue to fetch me my staffe.

Kend. Ienkin, fetch him his walking staffe.

Ien. Here is your walking staffe.

George. He proue it good vpon your carcases:  
A wiser wisard neuer met you yet,  
Nor one that better could foredoome your fall:  
Now I haue singled you here alone,  
I care not though you be three to one.

Kend. Villaine, hast thou betraid vs?

Georg. Momford, thou liest, neuer was I traitor yet;  
Onely deuiss'd this guile to draw you on,  
For to be combatants.

Now conquere me, and then march on to London:

The pleasant Comedie of

But shall goe hard, but I will hold you taske.

*Gilb.* Come, my Lord, cheereley, Ile kill him hand to hand.

*Kend.* A thousand pound to him that strikes that stroke.

*Georg.* Then giue it me, for I will haue the first.

*Here they fight, George kils sir Gilbert, and  
takes the other two prisoners.*

*Bonfild.* Stay, George, we doe appeale.

*George.* To whom.

*Bon.* Why, to the king:

For rather had we bidé what he appoynts,  
Then here be murthered by a seruile groome.

*Kend.* What wilt thou doe with vs?

*Georg.* Euen as Lord Bonfild wist,  
You shall vnto the king,  
And for that purpose see where the Iustice is placed.

*Enter Iustice.*

*Iust.* Now, my Lord of Kendal, where be al your threats?  
Euen as the cause, so is the combat fallen,  
Else one could neuer haue conquerd three.

*Kend.* I pray thee, Woodroffe, doe not twit me:  
If I haue faulted, I must make amends.

*Geor.* Master Woodroffe, here is not a place for many  
Words,

I beseech ye sir, dischargz all his souldiers,  
That euery man may goe home vnto his owne house.

*Iustice.* It shall bee so, what wilt thou doe George?

*Geor.* Master Woodroffe, looke to your charge,  
Leaue me to my selfe.

*Iust.*





*Iust.* Come, my Lords.

*Exit all but George.*

*Geor.* Here sit thou, George, wearing a willow wreath,  
As one despairing of thy beautiful loue:

Fie George no more,

Pine not away for that which cannot be:

I cannot ioy in any earthly blisse,

So long as I doe want my Bettris.

*Enter Ienkin.*

*Ien.* Who see a master of mine?

*George.* How now, sirra, whither away?

*Ien.* Whither away? why who doe you take me to bee?

*Georg.* Why Ienkin my man.

*Ien.* I was so once in deede, but now the case is altered.

*George.* I pray thee, as how?

*Ien.* Were not you a fortune teller to day?

*Georg.* Well, what of that?

*Ien.* So sure am I become a iugler.

What will you say if I iuggle your sweete heart?

*George.* Peace, prating losell, her ielous father

Doth wait ouer her with such suspitious eyes,

That if a man but dally by her feete,

He thinks it straight, a witch to charme his daughter.

*Ien.* Well, what will you giue me, if I bring her hither?

*George.* A sure of greene, and twentie crownes besides.

*Ien.* Well, by your leaue, giue me roome,

You must giue me something that you haue lately worne.

*George.* Here is a gowne, will that serue you?

*Ienkin.* I, this will serue me: keepe out of my circle,

The pleasant Comedie of

Least you be torne in peeces with shee deuils:

Mistres Bettris, once, twice, thrice.

*He throwes the ground in, and she comes out.*

Oh is this no cunning?

George. Is this my loue, or is it but her shadow?

Ienkin. I this is the shadow, but heere is the substance.

George. Tell mee sweete loue, what good fortune  
Brought thee hither:

For one it was that fauoured George a Greene.

Bettris. Both loue & fortune brought me to my George,  
In whose sweete sight is all my hearts content.

Geor. Tell mee sweete loue, how camst thou from thy  
Fathers?

Bettris. A willing minde hath many slips in loue:  
It was not I, but Wily thy sweete boy.

Geor. And where is Wily now?

Bettris. In my apparell in my chamber still.

Geor. Ienkin, come hither: Goe to Bradford,  
And listen out your fellow Wily.

Come, Bettris, let vs in,

And in my cottage we will sit and talke.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter King Edward, the king of Scots, Lord*

*Warwicke, yong Cuddy, and their traine.*

Edward. Brother of Scotland, I doe hold it hard,  
Seeing a league of truce was late confirmde

Twixt you and me, without displeasure offered,  
You should make such inuasion in my land,

The





The vowes of kings should be as oracles,  
Not blemisht with the staine of any breach,  
Chieflly where fealtie and homage willet it.  
*James.* Brother of England, rub not the sore afresh,  
My conscience grieues me for my deepe misdeede,  
I haue the worst, of thirtie thousand men,

There scapt not full fiue thousand from the field.

*Edward.* Gramercie, Musgroue, else it had gone hard.

Cuddie, Ile quite thee well ere we two part.

*James.* But had not his olde Father William Musgroue  
Plaid twice the man, I had not now bene here,

A stronger man I seldome felt before,

But one off more resolute valiance,

Treads not I thinke vpon the English ground.

*Edward.* I wot wel, Musgroue shall not lose his hier.

*Cuddie.* And it please your grace, my father was

Fiue score and three at Midsommer last past,

Yet had king Iamie bene as good as George a Greene,

Yet Billy Musgroue would haue fought with him.

*Edward.* As George a Greene, I pray thee, Cuddie,

Let me question thee,

Much haue I heard since I came to my crowne,

Many in maner of a prouerbe say,

Were he as good as G. a Green, I would strike him sure:

I pray thee tell me, Cuddie, canst thou informe me,

What is that George a Greene.

*Cuddie.* Know, my Lord, I neuer saw the man,

But mickle talke is of him in the Country.

The pleasant Comedie of

They say he is the Pinner of Wakefield towne,  
But for his other qualities, I let alone.

*War.* May it please your grace, I know the mā too wel.

*Edward.* Too well, why so, Warwicke?

*War.* For once he swingde me, till my bones did ake.

*Edward.* Why, dares he strike an Earle?

*War.* An Earle my Lord, nay he wil strike a king,  
Be it not king Edward.

For stature he is framde,

Like to the picture of stoute Hercules,

And for his carriage passeth Robin Hood.

The boldest Earle or Baron of your land,

That offereth scath vnto the towne of Wakefield,

George will arrest his pledge vnto the pound,

And who so resisteth beares away the blowes,

For he himselfe is good inough for three.

*Edward.* Why this is wondrous, my L. of Warwicke,

Sore do I long to see this George a Greene.

But leauing him, what shall we do, my Lord,

For to subdue the rebels in the North?

They are now marching vp to Doncaster.

*Enter one with the Earle of Kendal prisoner.*

Soft, who haue we there?

*Cuddie.* Here is a traitour, the Earle of Kendal.

*Edward.* Aspiring traitour, how darst thou once

Cast thine eyes vpon thy Soueraigne,

That honour'd thee with kindenes and with fauour?

But I will make thee buy this treason deare,

*Kend.*





the Pinner of Wakefield.

*Kend.* Good my Lord. *Edw.* Reply not, traitour.  
Tell me, Cuddy, whose deede of honour  
Wonne the victorie against this rebell,

*Cuddy.* George a Greene the Pinner of Wakefield.

*Edward.* George a Greene, now shall I heare newes  
Certaine what this Pinner is:

Discourse it briefly, Cuddy, how it befell.

*Cud.* Kendall and Bonfild, with sir Gilbert Armstrong,  
Came to Wakefield Towne disguis'd,

And there spoke ill of your grace,  
Which George but hearing, feld them at his feete,

And had not rescue come into the place,  
George had slaine him in his close of wheate.

*Edward.* But Cuddy, canst thou not tell  
Where I might giue and grant some thing,  
That might please, & highly gratifie the pinners thoughts?

*Cuddie.* This at their parting George did say to me,  
If the king vouchsafe of this my seruice,  
Then gentle Cuddie kneele vpon thy knee,  
And humbly craue a boone of him for me.

*Edward.* Cuddie, what is it?

*Cuddie.* It is his will your grace would pardon them,  
And let them liue although they haue offended.

*Edward.* I thinke the man striueth to be glorious.  
Well, George hath crau'd it, and it shall be graunted,  
Which none but he in England should haue gotten.  
Liue Kendall, but as prisoner,

So shalt thou end thy dayes within the tower.

The pleasant Comedie of

*Kend.* Gracious is Edward to offending subiects.

*James.* My Lord of Kend. you are welcome to the court.

*Edward.* Nay, but ill come as it falls out now,

I, ill come in deede, were it not for George a Greene,

But gentle king, for so you would auerre,

And Edwards betters, I salute you both,

And here I vowe by good Saint George,

You wil gaine but litle when your summes are counted.

I fore doe long to see this George a Greene :

And for because I neuer saw the North,

I will forthwith goe see it:

And for that to none I will be knowen,

We will disguise our selues and steale downe secretly,

Thou and I king James, Cuddie, and two or three,

And make a merrie iourney for a moneth.

Away then, conduct him to the tower.

Come on king James, my heart must needes be merrie,

If fortune make such hauocke of our foes. *Ex.omnes.*

*Enter Robin Hood, Mayd Marian, Scarlet,  
and Much the Millers sonne.*

*Robin.* Why is not louely Marian blithe of cheere?

What ayles my Lemman that she gins to lowre?

Say good Marian why art thou so sad.

*Marian.* Nothing, my Robin, grieues me to the heart,

But whensoever I doe walke abroad,

I heare no songs but all of George a Greene,

Bettris his faire Lemman passeth me.

And this my Robin gaules my very soule.

*Robin.*





the Pinner of Wakefield.

*Robin.* Content, what wreakes it vs though George a  
Greene be stoute,

So long as he doth proffer vs no scath?

Enuie doth seldome hurt but to it selfe,

And therefore, Marian, smile vpon thy Robin.

*Marian.* Neuer will Marian smile vpon her Robin,

Nor lie with him vnder the green wood shade,

Till that thou go to Wakefield on a greene,

And beate the Pinner for the loue of me.

*Robin.* Content thee, Marian, I will ease thy grieve,

My merrie men and I will thither stray,

And heere I vow that for the loue of thee,

I will beate George a Greene, or he shall beate me.

*Scarlet.* As I am Scarlet, next to little Iohn,

One of the boldest yeomen of the crew,

So will I wend with Robin all along,

And try this Pinner what he dares do.

*Much.* As I am Much the Millers sonne,

That left my Mill to go with thee,

And nill repent that I haue done,

This pleasant life contenteth me,

In ought I may to doe thee good,

Ile liue and die with Robin Hood.

*Marian.* And Robin, Marian she will goe with thee,

To see faire Bettris how bright she is of blee.

*Robin.* Marian, thou shalt goe with thy Robin.

Bend vp your bowes, and see your strings be tight,

The arrowes keene, and euery thing be ready,

The pleasant Comedie of

And each of you a good bat on his necke,  
Able to lay a good man on the ground.

*Scarlet.* I will haue Frier Tuckes.

*Much.* I will haue little Iohns.

*Robin.* I will haue one made of an ashen plunke,  
Able to beare a bout or two.

Then come on, Marian, let vs goe,  
For before the Sunne doth shew the morning day,  
I wil be at Wakefield to see this Pincher George a Greene.

*Excunt omnes.*

*Enter a Shoemaker sitting vpon the stage  
at worke, Ienkin to him.*

*Ien.* My masters, he that hath neither meate nor money,  
And hath lost his credite with the Alewife,  
For any thing I know, may goe supperlesse to bed.  
But soft who is heere: here is a Shoemaker;  
He knowes where is the best Ale.

Shoemaker, I pray thee tell me,  
Where is the best Ale in the towne?

*Shoemaker.* Afore, afore, follow thy nose:  
At the signe of the eggeshell.

*Ienkin.* Come Shoemaker, if thou wilt,  
And take thy part of a pot.

*Shoemaker.* Sirra, Downe with your staffe,  
Downe with your staffe.

*Ienkin.* Why how now, is the fellow mad?  
I pray thee tell me, why should I hold downe my staffe?

*Shooma.* You wil downe with him, will you not sir?

*Ienkin.*





the Pinner of Wakefield.

*Ienkin.* Why tell me wherefore?

*Shoo.* My friend, this is the towne of merry Wakefield,  
And here is a custome held,  
That none shall passe with his staffe on his shoulders,  
But he must haue a bout with me,  
And so shall you sir.

*Ienkin.* And so will not I sir.

*Shoo.* That wil I try. Barking dogs bite not the forest.

*Ienkin.* I would to God, I were once well rid of him.

*Shooma.* Now, what, will you downe with your staffe?

*Ienkin.* Why you are not in earnest, are you?

*Shoomaker.* If I am not, take that.

*Ienkin.* You whoorfen cowardly scabbe,

It is but the part of a clapperdudgeon,

To strike a man in the streete.

But darest thou walke to the townes end with me?

*Shoomaker.* I that I dare do, but stay till I lay in my

Tooles, and I will goe with thee to the townes end

Presently.

*Ienkin.* I would I knew how to be rid of this fellow.

*Shoom.* Come sir, wil you go to the townes end now sir?

*Ienkin.* I sir, come.

Now we are at the townes end, what say you now?

*Shoomaker.* Marry come, let vs euen haue a bout.

*Ienkin.* Ha, stay a little, hold thy hands, I pray thee.

*Shoomaker.* Why whats the matter?

*Ienkin.* Faith I am vnder-pinner of a towne,  
And there is an order, which if I doe not keepe,

The pleasant Comedie of

I shall be turned out of mine office.

*Shoomaker.* What is that, sir?

*Ienkin.* Whensoever I goe to fight with any bodie,  
I vse to flourish my staffe thrise about my head  
Before I strike, and then shew no fauour.

*Shoomaker.* Well sir, and till then I will not strike thee.

*Ienkin.* Wel sir, here is once, twice, here is my hand,  
I will neuer doe it the third time.

*Shoomaker.* Why then I see we shall not fight.

*Ienkin.* Faith no; come, I will giue thee two pots  
Of the best Ale, and be friends.

*Shoomak.* Faith I see it is as hard to get water out of a flint,  
As to get him to haue a bout with me:

Therefore I will enter into him for some good cheere:  
My friend, I see thou art a faint hearted fellow,  
Thou hast no stomacke to fight,  
Therefore let vs go to the Alehouse and drinke.

*Ienkin.* Well, content; goe thy wayes and say thy prayers,  
Thou scapst my hands to day.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter George a Greene and Bettris.*

*George.* Tell me sweet loue, how is thy minde content,  
What canst thou brooke to liue with George a Greene?

*Bettris.* Oh George, how little pleasing are these words?  
Came I from Bradford for the loue of thee?

And left my father for so sweet a friend?  
Here will I liue vntill my life doe end.

*Enter Robin Hood, and Marian, and his traine.*

*George.* Happy am I to haue so sweet a loue.





But what are these come trasing here along?

*Bettris.* Three men come striking through the corne,  
My loue.

*George.* Backe againe, you foolish travellers,  
For you are wrong, and may not wend this way.

*Robin Hood.* That were great shame.

Now by my soule, proud sir,  
We be three tall yemen, and thou art but one:

Come, we will forward in despite of him.

*George.* Leape the ditch, or I will make you skip.

What, cannot the hie way serue your turne,

But you must make a path ouer the corne?

*Robin.* Why, art thou mad? dar'st thou incounter three?

We are no babes, man, looke vpon our limmes.

*Geo.* Sirra, the biggest lims haue not the stoutest hearts.

Were ye as good as Robin Hood, and his three mery men,

Ile driue you backe the same way that ye came.

Be ye men, ye scorne to incounter me all at once,

But be ye cowards, set vpon me all three,

And try the Pinner what he dares performe.

*Scarlet.* Were thou as high in deedes,

As thou art haughtie in wordes,

Thou well mightest be a champion for a king:

But emptie vessels haue the loudest sounds,

And cowards prattle more than men of worth.

*George.* Sirra, dar'est thou trie me?

*Scarlet.* I sirra, that I dare.

*They fight, and George a Greene beats him.*

The pleasant Comedie of

*Much.* How now? what art thou downe?

Come, sir, I am next.

*They fight, and George a Greene beates him.*

*Robin Hood.* Come sirra, now to me, spare me not,  
For Ile not spare thee.

*George.* Make no doubt, I will be as liberall to thee.

*They fight, Robin Hood stayes.*

*Robin Hood.* Stay, George, for here I doo protest,  
Thou art the stoutest champion that euer I layd  
Handes vpon.

*George.* Soft you sir, by your leaue you lye,  
You neuer yet laid hands on me.

*Robin Hood.* George, wilt thou forsake Wakefield,  
And go with me,  
Two liueries will I giue thee euerie yeere,  
And fortie crownes shall be thy fee.

*George.* Why, who art thou?

*Robin Hood.* Why, Robin Hood:

I am come hither with my Marian,  
And these my yeomen for to visit thee.

*George.* Robin Hood? next to king Edward  
Art thou leefe to me:

Welcome, sweet Robin, welcome, mayd Marian,  
And welcome, you my friends.

Will you to my poore house,

You shall haue wafer cakes your fill,

A peece of beefe hung vp since Martlemas,

Mutton and veale, if this like you not,

Take





the Pinner of Wakefield.

Take that you finde, or that you bring for me.

*Robin Hood.* Godamercies, good George,  
Ile be thy ghest to day.

*George.* Robin, therein thou honourest me.  
Ile leade the way.

*Exeunt omnes.*

*Enter King Edward, and King James  
disguised, with two staues.*

*Edward.* Come on, king James, now wee are  
Thus disguised,  
There is none (I know) will take vs to be kings:  
I thinke we are now in Bradford,  
Where all the merrie shoomakers dwell.

*Enter a Shoemaker.*

*Shoemaker.* Downe with your staues, my friends,  
Downe with them.

*Edward.* Downe with our staues? I pray thee, why so?

*Shoemaker.* My friend, I see thou art a stranger heere,  
Else wouldest thou not haue questiond of the thing.

This is the towne of merrie Bradford,  
And here hath beene a custome kept of olde,  
That none may beare his staffe vpon his necke,  
But traile it all along throughout the towne,  
Vnlesse they meane to haue a bout with me.

*Edward.* But heare you sir, hath the king  
Granted you this custome?

*Shoemaker.* King or Kaifar, none shall passe this way,  
Except King Edward,  
No not the stoutest groome that haunts his court:

The pleasant Comedie of

Therefore downe with your staues.

*Edward.* What were we best to do?

*James.* Faith, my Lord, they are stoute fellows.

And because we will see some sport,

We will traile our staues.

*Edward.* Heer'st thou, my friend?

Because we are men of peace and trauellers,

We are content to traile our staues.

*Shoomaker.* The way lyes before you, go along.

*Enter Robin Hood and George a Greene disguised.*

*Robin Hood.* See George, two men are passing

Through the towne;

Two lustie men, and yet they traile their staues.

*George.* Robin, they are some pesants

Trickt in yeomans weedes. Hollo, you two trauellers.

*Edward.* Call you vs, sir?

*George.* I, you. Are ye not big inough to beare

Your bats vpon your neckes,

But you must traile them along the streetes?

*Edward.* Yes sir, we are big inough, but here is a custome

Kept, that none may passe his staffe vpon his necke,

Vnlesse he traile it at the weapons point.

Sir, we are men of peace, and loue to sleepe

In our whole skins, and therefore quietnes is best.

*George.* Base minded pesants, worthlesse to be men,

What, haue you bones and limmes to strike a blow,

And be your hearts so faint, you cannot fight?

Wert not for shame, I would shrub your shoulders well;

And





And teach you manhood against another time.

*Shoom.* Well preacht sir lacke, downe with your staffe.

*Edwar.* Do you heare my friends? and you be wise,

Keepe downe your staues,

For all the towne will rise vpon you.

*George.* Thou speakest like an honest quiet fellow.

But heare you me, In spite of all the swaines.

Of Bradford town, beare me your staues vpon your necks,

Or to begin withall, Ile baste you both so well,

You were neuer better basted in your liues.

*Edward.* We will hold vp our staues.

*George a Greene fights with the Shoomakers,*

*and beates them all downe.*

*George.* What, haue you any more?

Call all your towne forth, cut, and longtaile.

*The Shoomakers spy George a Greene.*

*Shoomaker.* What, George a Greene, is it you?

A plague found you,

I thinke you long'd to swinge me well.

Come George, we wil crush a pot before we part.

*George.* A pot you saue, we will haue an hundred.

Heere, Will Perkins, take my purse,

Fetch me a stand of Ale, and set in the Market place,

That all may drinke that are athirst this day,

For this is for a fee to welcome Robin Hood

To Bradford towne.

*They bring out the stande of ale, and fall a drinking.*

Here Robin, sit thou here; for thou art the best man

The pleasant Comedie of

At the boord this day,  
You that are strangers, place your selues where you will.  
Robin, heer's a carouse to good King Edwards selfe,  
And they that loue him not, I would we had  
The basting of them a litle.

*Enter the Earle of Warwicke with other noble  
men, bringing out the Kings garments: then  
George a Greene and the rest kneele  
downe to the King.*

Edward. Come, masters, all fellowes.

Nay, Robin, you are the best man at the boord to day.

Rise vp George.

George. Nay, good my Liege, ill nurturd we were then:  
Though we Yorkeshire men be blunt of speech,  
And litle skild in court, or such quaint fashions,  
Yet nature teacheth vs duetic to our king:

Therefore I humbly beseech you pardon George a Green.

Robin. And good my Lord, a pardon for poore Robin,  
And for vs all a pardon, good King Edward.

Shoomaker. I pray you, a pardon for the Shoomakers.

Edward. I frankly grant a pardon to you all.

And, George a Greene, giue me thy hand:

There is none in England that shall doe thee wrong.

Euen from my court I came to see thy selfe;

And now I see that fame speakes nought but truely.

Georg. I humbly thanke your royall Maiestie.

That which I did against the Earle of Kendal,

It was but a subjects duetic to his Soueraigne,

And





the Pinnet of Wakefield.

And therefore little merit such good words.

*Edward.* But ere I go, Ile grace thee with good deeds.

Say what King Edward may performe,

And thou shalt haue it, being in Englands bounds.

*George.* I haue a louely Lemman,

As bright of blee as is the siluer moone,

And old Grimes her father will not let her match

With me, because I am a Pinner,

Although I loue her, and she me dearly.

*Edward.* Where is she?

*George.* At home at my poore house,

And vowe neuer to marrie vnlesse her father

Giue consent, which is my great grieffe, my Lord.

*Edward.* If this be all, I will dispatch it straight,

Ile send for Grime and force him giue his grant,

He will not denie king Edward such a sure.

*Enter Ienkin, and speaks.*

Ho, who saw a master of mine?

Oh he is gotten into company, and a bodie should rake

Hell for companie.

*George.* Peace, ye slaue, see where King Edward is.

*Edward.* George, what is he?

*George.* I beseech your grace pardon him, he is my man.

*Shoomaker.* Sirra, the king hath bene drinking with vs,

And did pledge vs too.

*Ienkin.* Hath he so? kneele, I dub you gentlemen.

*Shoomaker.* Beg it of the King, Ienkin.

*Ienkin.* I wil. I beseech your worship grant me one thing.

The pleasant Comedie of

Edward. What is that?

Ienkin. Hearke in your eare.

*He whispers the king in the eare,*

Edward. Goe your wayes and do it.

Ienkin. Come downe on your knees, I haue got it.

Shoomaker. Let vs heare what it is first.

Ienkin. Mary, because you haue drunke with the king,

And the king hath so graciously pledgd you,

You shall be no more called Shoomakers.

But you and yours to the worlds ende,

Shall be called the trade of the gentle craft.

Shoomaker. I beseech your maiestie reforme this

Which he hath spoken.

Ienkin. I beseech your worship consume this

Which he hath spoken.

Edward. Confirme it, you would say.

Well, he hath done it for you, it is sufficient.

Come, George, we will goe to Grime,

And haue thy loue.

Ienkin. I am sure your worship will abide:

For yonder is comming olde Musgroue,

And mad Cuddie his sonne.

Master, my fellow Wilie comes drest like a woman,

And master Grime will marrie Wilie: Heere they come.

*Enter Musgroue and Cuddie, and master*

*Grime, Wilie, Mayd Marian*

*and Bettris.*

Edward. Which is thy old father, Cuddie?

Cuddie.





*Cuddie.* This, if it please your maiestie.

*Edward.* Ah old Musgroue, kneele vp;  
It fits not such gray haire to kneele.

*Musgroue.* Long liue my Soueragine,  
Long and happie be his dayes:

Vouchsafe, my gracious Lord, a simple gift,  
At Billy Musgroues hand:

King Iames at Meddellom castle gaue me this,  
This wonne the honour, and this giue I thee.

*Edward.* Godamercie, Musgroue, for this friendly gift,  
And for thou feldst a king with this same weapon,  
This blade shall here dub valiant Musgroue knight.

*Musgr.* Alas what hath your highnes done? I am poore.

*Edw.* To mend thy liuing take thou Meddellom castle,  
The hold of both; and if thou want liuing, complaine,  
Thou shalt haue more to mainetaine thine estate.  
George, which is thy loue?

*George.* This, if please your maiestie.

*Edward.* Art thou her aged father?

*Grime.* I am, and it like your maiestie.

*Edwar.* And wilt not giue thy daughter vnto George?

*Grime.* Yes, my Lord, if he will let me marrie  
With this louely lasse.

*Edward.* What sayst thou, George?

*George.* With all my heart; my Lord, I giue consent.

*Grime.* Then do I giue my daughter vnto George.

*Wilie.* Then shall the marriage soone be at an end.

Witnesse, my Lord, if that I be a woman,

The pleasant Comedie of

For I am Wilie, boy to George a Greene,  
Who for my master wrought this subtrill shift.

*Edward.* What, is it a boy? what sayst thou to this Grime?

*Grime.* Mary, my Lord, I thinke this boy hath  
More knauerie, than all the world besides.

Yet am I content that George shall both haue  
My daughter and my lands.

*Edward.* Now George, it rests I gratifie thy worth:  
And therefore here I doe bequeath to thee,  
In full possession halfe that Kendal hath,  
And what as Bradford holdes of me in chiefe,  
I giue it frankely vnto thee for euer.

Kneele downe George.

*George.* What will your maiestie do?

*Edward.* Dub thee a knight, George.

*George.* I beseech your grace, grant me one thing.

*Edward.* What is that?

*George.* Then let me liue and die a yeoman still:  
So was my father, so must liue his sonne.

For tis more credite to men of base degree,  
To do great deeds, than men of dignitie.

*Edward.* Well, be it so George.

*James.* I beseech your grace dispatch with me,  
And set downe my ransome.

*Edward.* George a Greene, set downe the king of Scots  
His ransome.

*George.* I beseech your grace pardon me,  
It passeth my skill.

*Edward.*





*Edward.* Dō it, the honor's thine.

*George.* Then let king Iames make good  
Those townes which he hath burnt vpon the borders,  
Giue a small pension to the fatherlesse,  
Whose fathers he caus'd murdered in those warres,  
Put in pledge for these things to your grace,  
And so returne. King Iames, are you content.

*Iamie.* I am content: and like your maiestie,  
And will leaue good castles in securitie.

*Edward.* I craue no more. Now George a Greene,  
Ile to thy house; and when I haue supt, Ile go to Aske,  
And see if Iane a Barley be so faire,  
As good King Iames reports her for to be.  
And for the ancient custome of *Vaile staffe*, keepe it still,  
Clayme priuiledge from me:  
If any aske a reason why? or how?  
Say, English Edward vaild his staffe to you.

FINIS.



















































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